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THE

MECHANICS' FAIR;

OR,

OUR LODGING HOUSE.

A FARCE—IN ONE ACT.

Adapted and arranged expressly for the CALIFORNIA DRAMATIC CLUB *by*

T. P. JAMES,

Author of The Red Light—The Wheel of Fortune—Phantom; or, the Mystery of Great Grimwood—Lafin Wahter; or the Tyrant, the Trio and the Treasure—Golden Teapot; or, the Prince, the Pirate, the Pet and the Policeman—Salt Water; or, the Little Bill that was overdue—&c., &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES, PLAN OF STAGE WITH DIRECTIONS, LIST OF PROPERTIES, ETC.

SAN FRANCISCO:
J. P. TRACY AND COMPANY,
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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

The author of this farsical extravaganza has seized upon the clever idea of converting the Mechanics' Fair into a mammoth exhibition drawing such vast numbers of curious strangers to our city that the hotels and boarding houses are overcrowded and private dwellings are turned into caravansaries, where accommodations are at a premium, and even the most insignificant apology of a bed commands a fabulous price. Many will, no doubt, condemn the piece as being highly improbable in plot and detail—an absurdity outside the bounds of reason. Well, we admit that there is little likelihood that the state of affairs which forms the groundwork of the farce will ever be realized; but then, shall the author's object be called into question because his imagination has created the artistic effort which is before us, redolent as it is with broad humor and stirring situations? Observe the flurried and excited condition of Mr. Tweedleton, when, having returned to the bosom of his family, after an absence perhaps of months, with the expectation of quiet and repose, he finds his dwelling turned into a lodging house, crowded from cellar to attic, and himself forced to turn waiter and deny himself the pleasure of satisfying the cravings of an appetite sharpened by travel. Can one appreciate the situation without a visible relaxation of the muscles of the face? Then again, when the poor fellow appropriates one of the lodgers' supper, and another's bed (i. e. an easy chair), and is pursued about the apartment by the en-

raged Grout, and the apparently blood-thirsty Smash, how ludicrous are his efforts to escape—how horror and fright combine to plunge the unfortunate commercial traveller into the depth of despair, until the opportune arrival of Sally forms a tableau that must be seen to be appreciated. Finally, can we praise too little the ingenuity with which he succeeds in getting his troublesome lodgers from the house, after having had his best china smashed by lively acrobats, and his wife's pet poodle sacrificed to the insatiate stomachs of a delegation of aristocratic Chinamen from Pekin. The reader can hardly be expected to appreciate the farce as much as those who have witnessed the representation; but should he, after a fair and critical perusal, find some little morsel of merit and amusement, we shall feel that the work has not been issued in vain, and that the author's aim has been realized.

The farce was presented at a regular performance of the California Dramatic Club, on Friday evening, July 29th, 1876, and received an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Tracy, whose "Taraxicum Twitters" in *My Turn Next*, was such a marked success at a previous entertainment, and displayed his ability for this line of comedy, made a clever "Timothy Tweedleton" out of a very difficult part. Mr. Smith, another favorite low comedian, made a particular hit as "Bob Smash"—his dialect being an especial feature. Mr. Crane, as the "Elderly Ruffian in gaiters," and Mr. Gates as the "Cockney Englishman," were above the usual average. But Miss Hopkins' (Mrs. W. S. Talbott) "Mrs. Tweedleton," was by far the most artistic effort of the evening, and the lady retired at the fall of the curtain loaded with laurels and boquets. Miss Wilson's "Sally" had all the sprightliness and vivacity which usually characterizes that charming young lady's *roles*. Taken as a whole the company displayed an ability far above the usual style of amateur performers.

☞ A. R. B.

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,

As originally performed by the California Dramatic Club, on the evening of Friday, July 29th, 1876.

Mr. Timothy Tweedleton—a victim of circumstances.....Mr. J. P. Tracy.
Bob Smash—a Yankee from the mines..Mr. G. W. Smith.
Mr. Stingo Grout—an irrascible elderly gent.....Mr. G. S. Crane.
Felix Foxglove—an exquisite.....Mr. C. E. Gates.
Mr. Godfrey Guzzleton—a matter-of-fact lodger.....Mr. M. Merrick.
Mrs. Tabitha Tweedleton—who lets furnished rooms during Fair time.....Miss Susan Hopkins.
Sally—a domestic.....Miss Jennie Wilson.

COSTUMES.

TWEEDLETON.—Light striped pants, gray coat and vest, overcoat, huge comforter and partly bald wig.

SMASH.—Soiled brown coat, red shirt, pants in pair of old boots, broad leather belt, old black hat drawn over eyes and sandy wig.

GROUT.—Black broad-cloth suit, black neck-tie and choker, short gray side whiskers and gray wig.

FOXGLOVE.—An English swell. Suit of the Cockney fashion and blonde wig.

GUZZLETON.—Plain suit.

MRS. TWEEDLETON.—Plain, neat and spruce.

SALLY.—Calico dress, apron and neat cap.

PROPERTIES.

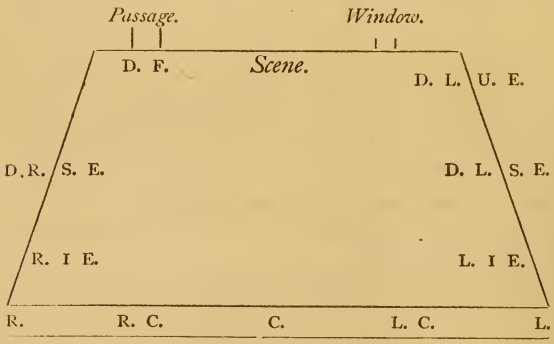
Duster for Sally—coat, comforter, carpet-bag and bundles for Tweedleton—boot with spur—tray, two tumblers, jug, plate of sandwiches and boot-jack for Mrs. Tweedleton—napkin—tray and covered dish for Sally—pistol for Smash—brick to throw in window—table cover—rug—cigar and bell to ring for Smash—crash of china—glass of water for Smash—large bell for Mrs. Tweedleton and cow bell for Tweedleton—carpet-bag for Foxglove and a miscellaneous assortment of articles for lodgers—small gong and bells for prompter and assistants.

DIAGRAM

AND

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*** *The Reader is supposed to face the Audience.*



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. *means Left;* R. *Right;* C. *Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. 1 E. *Left First Entrance;* R. 1 E. *Right First Entrance;* D. L. S. E. *Door Left Second Entrance;* D. R. S. E. *Door Right Second Entrance;* D. L. U. E. *Door Left Upper Entrance;* D. F. *Door in Flat.*

Time of representation—35 minutes.

THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

SCENE.—*Sitting Room in* TWEEDLETON'S *house. Door,* R. C., *passage beyond, and street door at back—window (in flat)* L. C.—*table,* C., *with large easy chair beside it—furniture plain but neat—stage enclosed on each side, with doors* R. S. E., L. S. E. *and* R. U. E.

At the rising of the curtain a bell rings off R., *and directly afterward another,* L.—SALLY *discovered dusting the furniture.*

Sally. Coming! Drat the Fair, I say, and the visitors too! (*yawning.*) Dear me, here it is ten o'clock, and I've been running about the whole blessed day. Missus makes 'em pay dear enough for their beds; they might make use of 'em instead of sitting up till—(*bell,* L.) Coming! That's the gent in the back attic. (*bell,* R.) Coming—coming! What a martyr to domestic economy my poor legs are! Why, there's not a hole or corner in the house that isn't let, and only one girl to do the work. I can't stand it much longer. (*knocking at street door.*) Go on, that's right. There's the street door now—well, they won't catch me answering that at any rate; we've got enough people in the house already without—

(*knocking repeated—louder.*) Will you be quiet? (*bells ring* R. *and* L.—*small gong in the distance.*) Now which *am* I to go to? Well, the street door is the nearest—here goes.

[*Opens door in flat and then street door.*

Enter MR. TIMOTHY TWEEDLETON, D. F., *muffled in a great coat and comforter, carrying a carpet-bag and numerous bundles.*

Sally. Oh, master, is it you? I'm so glad to see you home again. I thought you were never—(*bell,* R.) Coming!

[*Very loud.*

Tweedleton. Don't, Sally; don't raise your voice in that absurd fashion. Here, take these bundles.

[*Drops carpet-bag near table.*

Sally. Yes, sir. [*Takes them, going* L.

Tweed. Sally!

Sally. Yes, sir.

Tweed. Here, help me off with my coat.

SALLY *puts bundles on table and takes off his coat, comforter and hat.*

Mrs. Tweedleton. (*Outside,* L.) Sally!

Sally. Yes, mum.

Grout. (*Outside,* R. 1 E.) Chambermaid!

Sally. Yes, sir. (*bell,* L. S. E.) Coming!

[*Exit* R. *with coat, bundles, etc.*

Tweed. Why what is all this bustle about? Oh, the lodgers, I suppose. To think of Mrs. Tweedleton turning the house into a lodging house for visitors to the Mechanics' Fair—giving up the millinery business on Market street, that brought her in a goodly income every year. But as she says, no one thinks of trade in Fair time. How I long to see her. It's so nice to get home again after the weary pilgrimage of a traveling agent, in the dry goods line, and after a long night's

journey on the Central Pacific Railroad, to settle calmly down and enjoy the sweets of home with all its quiet—(*bells* R. *and* L. *ring very loud.*) Hello! well, we'll leave out the quiet, but to sit contentedly down—(*Sits in easy chair,* L. *of table, but jumps up directly and takes a boot with a spur from the chair.*) Oh, hang it, we'll leave out the sitting down, too. But listen to the gentle voice we love—

Mrs. Tweed. (*Outside* L.) Sally, you idle, good-for-nothing—

Enter MRS. TABITHA TWEEDLETON, R. 1 E., *carrying a tray with two tumblers, a jug of hot water, a plate of sandwiches and a bootjack*

Tweed. Tabitha!

Mrs. T. My Timothy!

Tweed. My angel! [*About to embrace her.*

Mrs. T. (*Passing around to* R.) There, I can't stop now.

Tweed. Not for one word of pure affection?

Mrs. T. No time for pure affection in Fair time.

Tweed. Not for one embrace to welcome me from my weary pilgrimage?

Mrs. T. Well, after I've taken clean tumblers and hot water to the gentleman in the coal cellar—

Tweed. What! a gentleman in the coal cellar?

Mrs. T. Certainly; even that is at a premium during Fair time.

Tweed. Then when you return—

Mrs. T. The Senator from Mud Springs in the piano case wants a chop.

Tweed. Is it possible—

Mrs. T. There Timothy, don't stare in that absurd manner.

Tweed. But after that—

Mrs. T. The railroad directors in the little back parlor—

Tweed. Goodness, what a catalogue! But after *that?*

Mrs. T. We'll see.

Enter SALLY, R. H.

Sally. If you please, missus, the gent with the long beard, him as is going to sleep under the kitchen table, says have you such a thing as a corkscrew you could lend him?

Mrs. T. Let him wait. Who's he? I might have had three times as much for that table as his paltry twenty dollars. Sally, hold this plate. [*Gives it.*

Tweed. (*Amazed.*) Twenty dollars for the privilege of sleeping under the kitchen table?

Sally. Yes, sir; everything's uncommonly dear now.

Tweed. (*To* MRS. TWEEDLETON.) But my dear—

Mrs. T. Timothy, mind your own business, if you please.

Tweed. But my sweetest—

Mrs. T. May I request, sir, that you will not interfere?

Tweed. My love, really, I only—

Mrs. T. Don't be a brute, sir!

Tweed. A brute! I a brute? I who never—

Mrs. T. Will you—

Tweed. But my duck—

Mrs. T. Don't duck me, sir. (*bell,* R.) Sally—Sally! Is the girl deaf?

Sally. (*Who has been quietly eating the sandwiches in the corner.*) R. No, mum; I was thinking.

Mrs. T. What!

Sally. Nothing, mum. (*bell,* R.) Coming! [*Exit,* R. I E.

Tweed. Now my angel— [*Bell,* L. S. E.

Mrs. T. There, sir, do you hear that? Did you ever see angels running to Congressmen with bootjacks. (*Bell,* L. *again—louder.*) Good gracious, I'm coming! [*Exit,* D. L. S. E.

Tweed. It strikes me rather forcibly that the Mechanics' Industrial Fair has not improved Mrs. Tweedleton's usually sweet temper. Well, I'll get out of the way. I'm very sleepy, (*yawning.*) so I'll go to bed.

[*Going towards* L. I E.

Re-enter MRS. TWEEDLETON, D. L. S. E.

Mrs. T. Pray may I inquire where you are going, Mr. Tweedleton?

Tweed. Going, my love, to bed.

Mrs. T. (*Horrified.*) To what, sir?

Tweed. Lor! only to think—how stupid of me—I quite forgot it, but now that you mention it, I *should* like a bit of supper after my journey. What have you got in the house, my dear?

Mrs. T. Supper, sir?

Tweed. Just a bite—cold chicken, a chop or anything—I don't care.

Mrs. T. That I should live to see this day—a man I thought I could place implicit confidence in, asking for supper in Fair time.

Tweed. But really—

Mrs. T. Oh, Mr. Tweedleton, *will* you be quiet?

Tweed. Well, it doesn't signify about supper. I'll be off to bed. [*Going* L.

Mrs. T. And may I ask, Mr. Tweedleton, where do you intend to sleep?

Tweed. I presume in the mahogany four post of my happier days. You shake your head. Well, then, in the humble bedstead of the attic of my bachelorhood.

Mrs. T. You are really the most provoking man in the world—didn't I write you word that I've let our best bedroom to five ladies of quality from San Jose, and fitted up a chest of drawers for the babies?

Tweed. But the bed of my bachelorhood—

Mrs. T. Contains at this moment the distinguished foreign correspondent of the New York *Herald;* a delegation of Chinese Ambassadors on their way to the Centennial;* and an

* Paris Exposition may be inserted.

antiquated count from Brazil.

Tweed. Then where *am* I to sleep?

Mrs. T. Where? Anywhere or nowhere. Nobody sleeps in Fair time but the visitors.

Tweed. I feel that I shall shortly be driven to profanity.

Mrs. T. Here, I'm wasting my time while that poor German prince (*crossing to* R.) wants a quart of lager beer. Timothy, if you were a man you'd help your poor wife to wait on the lodgers instead of standing there like a post.

Tweed. The German prince—yes—yes—but where *is* the German prince? In our best suit, I suppose.

Mrs. T. Nothing of the kind, Mr. Tweedleton, the German prince is contentedly situated in the dog house.

Tweed. What! a German prince in our dog house?

Mrs. T. Yes, and let me tell you, sir, if you want to get up in the world—(*bell*, L.) there's the attic. [*Exit*, L.

Tweed. Yes, I'll help! There's no help for it—no bed—no supper—no comfort. Wait on my lodgers—make money—that's the plan. (*takes napkin from table.*) Here, what's to be done? Who wants to be waited on? Now then, here I am—give your orders, gents, the waiter is in the room. (*bell*, R.) Coming! (*bell*, L.) Hello! which am I to go to?

Grout. (*Outside*, R.) Chambermaid—waiter!

Tweed. (*Crossing to* R.) Coming, sir.

Foxglove. (*Outside*, L.) Wait-aw—waitaw!

Tweed. (*Crossing to* L.) Yes, sir.

Grout. (*Without.*) Fire and fury! Waiter!

Tweed. Coming!

Running off L. H. *against* SALLY, *who enters with tray, etc.*

Tweed. Here, what have you got there, Sally?

Sally. Supper for one of the gents in the hall closet, sir.

Tweed. (*Removes cover.*) Ha! one steak, one taters and a trifle for the waiter. [*Kisses her.*

Sally. Oh, sir!

Tweed. Here give me the tray. (*places it on table.*) How nice it smells—how I wish I was one of my own lodgers. Oh, Sally, if you could only get *me* a bit of supper.

Sally. Couldn't, sir; missus has got it all locked up.

Tweed. A crust of bread and cheese.

Sally. Not to be had—never sees none now.

Tweed. And you—what do you live on?

Sally. Nothing particular, sir—anything I can find.

Tweed. Good gracious! and this is my house! and where do you sleep?

Sally. Missus says servants mustn't sleep during Fair time.

Tweed. Oh, this must be altered.

Sally. Yes, sir.

Tweed. The lodgers get supper—the lodgers get beds—lodgers get everything. Damme! I'll be a lodger—I'll not be treated as one of the family any longer. Sally, you shall be a lodger—come, sit down and have some supper.

Sally. But the gent in the hall closet, sir?

Tweed. Hang the gent in the hall closet!

Sally. But missus—

Tweed. Hang missus! hang everything! I *will* be master—I *will* have supper—I *will* have a bed! Sally, go and turn those five ladies of quality out of my room—tell them to take their babies out of the drawers. Stop—send your mistress here.

Sally. Yes, sir. (*aside.*) Won't there be a row. [*Exit*, L.

Tweed. No, I won't put up with it—rather welcome poverty and commercial travelling—pecuniary difficulties and dress-making. (*sits in easy chair by table.*) No supper! thus do I refute the fallacy. [*Eats.*

Enter BOB SMASH *from street door. He has a red shirt on under a faded brown coat, his pants tucked into his boots and his general appearance indicative of a rough and devil-me-care existence.*

Smash. Wal, I'll be darned, this is a mighty big town—an all-fired sight bigger'n Gopher Flat, whar I come from. I wonder what the folks see in me to stare so—p'raps I mayn't be so slick as some of 'em, but darn their picter, I reckon I'm every bit as good as 'em, if I haint—(*at back of table.*) I say stranger, you're sitting on my bed.

Tweed. I'm doing nothing of the kind. The article of household furniture upon which I am sitting is a chair—emphatically a chair, sir.

Smash. I don't like to disoblige anybody, least of all myself, so I reckon you'd better make tracks. I've engaged that 'ere location for the night, and I don't allow any one to jump my claim, so the sooner you move to other diggings the better.

Tweed. I'll do nothing of the kind, sir.

Smash. I kalculate this 'ere pursuader (*producing pistol.*) will convince you to the contrary.

Tweed. Hey! put that away! Murder! Thieves!

Grout. (*Without* R.) Chambermaid!

Tweed. Oh, lor! here's another—he's coming this way, too. I'm not at home.

Enter STINGO GROUT, R. I E.

Grout. Where is my supper? Hullo! you rascal? (*seizes* TWEEDLETON.) you scoundrel! what do you mean by eating my supper, sir, when I pay for it?

Smash. (*Also seizing him.*) What do you mean by jumping my claim?

Tweed. Murder! (*struggling.*) Gentlemen, if you please, it is all a mistake.

Grout. (*Shaking him.*) You villain!

Smash. (*Pulling him over.*) You squatter!

Tweed. Help!

He breaks away from them and rushes around the room—they follow. He upsets the easy chair. SMASH *stops to right it*

and GROUT *runs into him—both sprawling.* TWEEDLETON *rushes against* FELIX FOXGLOVE *who enters,* L. S. E., *and floores him.* TWEEDLETON *then throws open window in flat and yells "Police!"—a brick is thrown in—he bobs his head and it falls on the stage—he shuts window, rushes towards* D. F., *and against* GODFREY GUZZLETON, *who enters and pushes him aside.*

Guzzle. How now, sirrah! Get out of my way!

[*Exit* GUZZLETON, D. R. S. E.

Tweed. [*Running around and taking up a chair.*] Thieves! Murderers! Assassins! Help!

[*All rush at him—he holds up chair.*

Enter SALLY, L. I E.

Oh, Sally, protect your lord and master! [SALLY *takes up a chair—they stand back to back and turn as each speak.*

Grout. What do you mean by eating my supper?

Smash. Stand aside young woman.

Sally. Hit one of your size.

Tweed. Yes, hit one of your size.

Foxglove. What do you mean —aw—by upsetting my equilibrium?

Smash. [*Threatening.*] Let me at him.

Tweed. Don't, Sally; don't let him.

Grout. I demand satisfaction!

Tweed. You shall have it.

Foxglove. So—aw—do I.

Tweed. You both shall have it—to-morrow—next year—any time. I'm a martyr to the lodging house system.

Enter MRS. TWEEDLETON, L. I E.

Mrs. T. Now then may I ask the meaning of all this disturbance?

Tweed. Mrs. Tweedleton I request that you will instantly order these people out of my house.

Mrs. T. Your house, sir?

Sally. Oh, mum, they'll be the death of master.

Mrs. T. And serve him right, too—what trick is he up to now?

Smash. Madam, I kalculate you'll let me know whether or not I've paid for that chair for the night?

Mrs. T. Certainly.

Grout. [*Advancing to table.*] Have I not paid for that beef-stake?

Mrs. T. Decidedly.

Foxglove. And have I not paid for the privilege—aw—of walking into this room?

Mrs. T. You have.

Tweed. And pray, madam, have not I paid something, too? Don't I pay the rent of the whole house?

Mrs. T. And if you do, what of it? Oh, Mr. Tweedleton, have you dared to interfere with the comfort of my lodgers?

Tweed. Confound it, madam, your lodgers have interfered with my comforts. I won't have lodgers—I give them all notice. Sally, run for a policeman!

Sally. (*Going.*) Yes, sir.

Mrs. T. Sally, stay where you are!

Sally. Yes, mum.

Mrs. T. And now gentlemen, if you will leave it to me I will make it all right. (*to* FOXGLOVE.) My husband, sir, shall apologize to you.

Foxglove. All right—aw—it will be a sufficient wepawation.

[*Exit into room* L. S. E.

Tweed. I say—hang it—I won't apologize!

Mrs. T. Be quiet, Mr. Tweedleton. (*to* SMASH.) You, sir, will be kind enough to step into the next room while I arrange your couch.

Smash. I reckon that's about the ticket. [*Exit*, R.

Mrs. T. And for you, (*to* GROUT) I will see another supper cooked at once.

Grout. Thank you, madam. [*Exit*, R. I E.

Mrs. T. (*Bell*, L.) Sally, answer the bell.

Sally. Yes, mum. [*Exit*, L. I E.

Mrs. T. And now, Mr. Tweedleton, what can you say for yourself—you good-for-nothing—oh-oh-oh!

[*Bursts out crying.*

Tweed. Don't cry—I can't bear to see you cry; now don't, that's a dear.

Mrs. T. Oh, how could you, after all I've done for you! Oh, Timothy, I didn't think you could—

Tweed. I couldn't.

Mrs. T. You've been so cruel!

Tweed. I have.

Mrs. T. Acting like a brute!

Tweed. A perfect hippopotamus.

Mrs. T. And I, who have been so kind!

Tweed. An angel.

Mrs. T. And slaved as I have!

Tweed. A very nigger, in fact.

Mrs. T. To make such lots of money for you!

Tweed. Consolidated Virginia is nothing to you.

Mrs. T. And to insult my lodgers!

Tweed. I beg their pardon.

Mrs. T. To have ill feelings towards them!

Tweed. No, I love them—I perfectly dote on them—the one with the red shirt especially.

Mrs. T. You won't do it again, Timothy, will you? You won't mind a little inconvenience—think of the money we shall make—and it's only for a few weeks.

Tweed. A few weeks, without eating or sleeping?

Mrs. T. No, don't say that—you *shall* have a bed. Sally!

(*calling.*) I'll make you as comfortable as if you were one of my lodgers. Sally, another bed to make up!

Enter SALLY, L. 1 E.

Sally. Oh, lor, mum, where? The house is already as full of beds as a flower garden.

Mrs. T. Here, come along. [*Puts a rug down,* C.

Sally. Who for, mum?

Mrs. T. For master, to be sure.

Sally. Master! Oh, my this will do for a pillow.

[*Picks up carpet bag.*

Tweed. That a pillow! Then I suppose this is to be my bed? [*Pointing to rug.*

Mrs. T. And a very comfortable one for Fair time, too. Now just lie down and see how cosy I'll make you.

Tweed. It can't be helped, so here goes. [*Lies down.*

Mrs. T. There, isn't that nice?

[*Places table cover over him.*

Tweed. Precious hard, though. Oh, for my own four-poster!

Mrs. T. You shall have it. Sally, help me with that table. [*They place table over him.*

Sally. There you are, sir; there's your four-poster.

Mrs. T. There, good night—go to sleep like a good boy; and now I think we are pretty full. (*bell,* R.) There's the first floor. [*Exeunt* MRS. TWEEDLETON *and* SALLY, R.

Tweed. Upon my life this is pleasant—a bed as soft as a brickbat. The song says "There's no place like home," and for the sake of human nature in general I sincerely hope there is not—however, it's only for Fair time, and I dare say after my fatigue I shall sleep soundly. (*yawning.*) Dear me, I'm very tired—at any rate I suppose I shall not be disturbed again. (*Banjo and accordian accompanied by male and female voices heard outside window.*) Hey! what's that? (*Music dies*

away up the street.) Nigger minstrels, ugh! [*Lies down.*

Re-enter BOB SMASH, L. I E.

Smash. What a tarnation tall walk I've had to-day over that Mechanics' Fair. I kalculate that 'ere is a fine institution—critters like me don't see sich all-fired fine sights every day—no sir-e-e, bob! (*Moves his chair to table, sits and puts his feet on it, and pulls out a large bowie-knife with which he picks his teeth.*) I reckon I'd like to play a game of keerds with somebody, just to pass the time away—It's kinder lonesome doing nothing. (*sticks knife in top of table and rises.*) I'll take a squint about the diggin's. [*Knocks at* D. R. S. E.

Guzzleton. (*Popping his head out.*) What do you want, sir?

Smash. I say, stranger, would you like to take a hand at Pedro, Casino or Seven Up?

Guzzle. (*In a rage.*) Certainly not, sir! [*Slams door.*

Tweed. Eh! I thought I heard a door slam. I must have been dreaming. [*Lies down.*

Smash. That's a crusty old bear. (*crosses and knocks at the opposite door.* FOXGLOVE *with night-cap on opens door, but seeing* SMASH *he closes it again quickly.*) Stranger—

Foxglove, (*Inside.*) Go away good mistaw 'ousebreakaw.

Smash. Would you like to play a game of Euchre? (*no answer.*) I say, stranger! (*no answer.*) I reckon he's deaf. I'll try the chap in the hall. [*Crosses and exits* R. I E.

Tweed. I thought I heard somebody walking about. (*looks around.*) No—I wonder where Mrs. Tweedleton is? (*loud knock without* R.) Eh! What's that!

Grout. (*Outside.*) Hallo! what do you want?

Smash. (*Outside.*) I say, have you any objection to a game of keerds?

Grout. How dare you, sir, wake me up to ask such a question?

Smash. But stranger—

Grout. Go to the devil, sir! [*Door heard to slam.*

Re-enter SMASH, R.

Smash. I reckon it's no go.

[*Sits in chair and places his feet on* TWEEDLETON.

Tweed. Hullo!

Smash. Wal, what's the matter?

Tweed. You haven't paid for this bed, too, have you?

Smash. There, then. (*places his feet on chair.*) Will that do?

Tweed. Good night, sir. [*Pause.*

Smash. I say, stranger!

Tweed. Don't bother me—go to sleep, do

Smash. What's your candid opinion of the Fair?

Tweed. Don't like it—good night!

Smash. You'll excuse me, stranger, but I should like to discuss that 'ere topic with you.

Tweed. Will you be quiet, sir?

Smash. Don't you think it's kalculated to improve the resources of this 'ere State? I repeat, stranger: don't you think this intercourse of folks in general will improve the society of this 'ere town?

Tweed. Certainly not, if one stranger won't let another stranger go to sleep—how can it? Good night, sir

Smash. But don't you consider—

Tweed. (*Savagely.*] No!

Smash. That the fact is—

Tweed. Not a bit of it—good night!

Smash. Wal, I'll be goldarned! Of all the uncommunicative critters I ever did see, that's one. (*lights his pipe from gas burner over head.*) Whar I come from folks are a little bit more neighborly. Here, I say—(TWEEDLETON *snores.*) Very well.

[*Smokes violently, blowing the smoke under the table.*

Tweed. (*Coughing.*) Hullo! no smoking allowed in my bedroom!

Smash. I should like to discuss *that* subject with you likewise.

Tweed. Hang your discussions! Faugh, what a smoke! I that can't bear to be in the same street with tobacco smoke! Will you put out your pipe, sir?

Smash. Certainly not.

Tweed. Then I shall be obliged to put you out.

Smash. Eh! [*Points pistol around the leg of table.*

Tweed. (*In terror.*) No, I don't mean that. Your smoke's bad enough, but don't fire. (*rolls himself up in table cover.*) Oh, I shall be so ill! (*pause*—SMASH *rings bell.*) Hullo! what do you want now?

Smash. A dipper of water.

Tweed. You can't get it—go to sleep.

Smash. But I kalculate I must have it.

Tweed. Then go and fetch it.

Smash. Point out the way.

Tweed. I shant. (*aside.*) Eh, stop—a good idea. (*gets up.*) I *will* show the way—I shall get rid of him. (*aloud.*) Here, come along. (*they go up*—TWEEDLETON *opens door* L. U. E.) Straight before you. [*Points off.*

Smash. Yes.

Tweed. Down the stairs.

Smash. Down the stairs.

Tweed. Turn to the right.

Smash. Turn to the right.

Tweed. Then to the left.

Smash. Then to the left.

Tweed. Along the hall.

Smash. Along the hall.

Tweed. Till you come to the kitchen—you'll see the faucet before you. [*Exit* SMASH.

TWEEDLETON *shuts and locks the door.*

Tweed. Huzza! there's one foe disposed of, and he and the dog will be company for one another. Oh, if I could get all my lodgers to go for water. [*About to lie down again.*

Enter MRS. TWEEDLETON, *hurriedly*, R. I E.

Mrs. T. Oh, Timothy—Timothy, I'm ruined—swindled—robbed!

Tweed. (*Alarmed.*) What!

Mrs. T. The delegation from New York who occupy our dining-room—

Tweed. What have the miscreants been guilty of?

Mrs. T. Run up a bill of two hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-five cents.

Tweed. And cut?

Mrs. T. No—but they insist in paying me with slips of green-tinted paper.

Tweed. What! inflation currency?

Mrs. T. They will have it that such is the current coin of New York, and they have no other.

Tweed. (*Aside.*) Twelve per cent. discount. Well, I'm glad of it—'twill teach Mrs. T. a lesson. (*aloud.*) Take it and send them back to New York.

Mrs. T. But that's not all—my best drawing-room—that vile young German philosopher, if he hasn't made it smell of smoke so it won't be sweet this twelvemonth. And oh, Timothy, this room—my own work-room—*you* have not been smoking?

Tweed. Now did you ever *see* me smoke? No, it was that d—d—well, I won't swear; 'twas that Yankee miner.

Mrs. T. Oh, why did I take to letting lodgings?

Tweed. Why, indeed!

Mrs. T. We had a comfortable home.

Tweed. A domestic Garden of Eden.

Mrs. T. Oh, if we could once more—(*a loud crash of china*, R.) Oh! [*Screams.*

Tweed. What's that?

Mrs. T. Oh, I knew it—my poor aunt's best china set. (*calling.*) Sally, what was that?

Sally. (*Outside*, R.) Please mum, it's the young acrobats you put in with the railroad directors in the back parlor; they will throw somer*sets* among the tea things.

Tweed. It's no use, our lodgers are rapidly breaking up our establishment.

Enter SALLY, R.

Sally. Oh, if you please mum, oh!—

Tweed. What new horror? Speak, maiden!

Sally. Poor little Fido—

Mrs. T. My pet!—my own sweet poodle! What?

Sally. Oh, mum, the Chinese ambassadors—

Tweed. Well—

Sally. They've caught her.

Tweed. What?

Sally. And please, mum, they've skinned her.

Mrs. T. Oh! [*Screams.*

Tweed. Horror!

Sally. And when I went in they were stuffing her with birds' nests for to-morrow's dinner.

Mrs. T. Oh, Timothy—Timothy, my poor, dear, little Fido! Shall we submit to this?

Tweed. Never!

Mrs. T. But what shall we do—and how shall we do it?

Tweed. Turn them out.

Mrs. T. But they won't go—you've tried that before.

Tweed. Then call in the police.

Sally. If you please, sir, it's very hard to find them.

Mrs. T. Oh, that I was once more a happy dressmaker!

Tweed. And I, a contented commercial traveller!

Sally. And I, oh, I wish I was in bed.

Tweed. Stop—I have it. Will you be guided by me? Mrs. T. and Sally, will you swear allegiance to your lawful sovereign?

Mrs. T. } We swear!
Sally. }

Tweed. And will you promise to aid me in banishing the foe?

Mrs. T. } We will!
Sally. }

Tweed. Then listen. You, Sally, run down into the kitchen, pile up all the old rags, old clothes, kitchen stuff; anything you can find, on the fire; make as much smoke as possible—you, Tabitha, dear, cry that the house is in flames—I'll throw all the doors wide open, and then trust to fate for the result. Now run, and look sharp! (*unlocks door* L. U. E., *exeunt* MRS. TWEEDLETON, R. *and* SALLY D. L. U. E.) Fire! Fire! Fire!

[*Throws open the window and all of the doors.*

Re-enter SMASH, D. L. U. E., *with tumbler of water.*

Smash. Now then, what's the row!

Tweed. Water—bring some water!

Smash. Here. (*offering glass.*) What's the matter?

Tweed. (*Throwing the water over him.*) Pooh! that's no use—get a bucket full—the house is on fire.

Smash. Then I guess I'm off. [*Runs off* D. F.

Tweed. Fire—fire! [*Exit*, L.

Enter STINGO GROUT, R. I E.

Grout. Hullo! what's the matter?

Re-enter TWEEDLETON *rapidly*, L. I E., MRS. TWEEDLETON, R., *ringing large bell, and* SALLY D. L. U. E. *shouting*

"*Fire!*" TWEEDLETON *crosses to* R. *and exits shouting.* STINGO GROUT *runs off* D. F., *very much frightened. Lodgers flock in from various quarters and rush out* D. F.—*five children, the last very small, clinging to one another.* MRS. TWEEDLETON *and* SALLY *bawling* "*Fire!*" *as they pass. Re-enter* TWEEDLETON *with cow bell which he rings violently.*

Enter FELIX FOXGLOVE *from room,* L. S. E.

Foxglove. By jove! What's the wow? What a wumpus and what a wiot! What's that? The house on fiaw! Goodness, gwacious! I weally must wun. [*Re-enters room and then rushes out with carpet-bag.* TWEEDLETON *locks street door, shuts window and dances about.*

Tweed. Hurrah! Victory! The foe have abandoned the field.

Mrs. T. Oh, but the money we might have made—

Tweed. Money be—never mind—what's money compared to the comforts of a home? Come, we'll begin a new system, and my way of commencing the reform—Sally, go to bed at once!

Sally. Yes, sir. [*Leans up against wing* L. *and goes to sleep.*

Tweed. And now, Tabitha—(*a loud knocking is heard at the door, accompanied by shouting*—TWEEDLETON *opens window.*) Who's there?

Voice. (*Outside.*) The Fire Department.

Tweed. Get out—call again to-morrow.

Voice. Isn't there a fire?

Tweed. Not a bit of it—who sent you?

Voice. A Yankee chap.

Tweed. Then go and pump on the Yankee chap.

[*Shuts window—shouting and noise gradually dies away.*

Mrs. T. I was afraid they'd pump on us.

Tweed. (*Down* C.) Not a bit of it. And now, Tabitha,

give me a kiss, and we shall have the house to ourselves.

[*Kisses her.*

Mrs. T. Oh, dear, I hope not.

Tweed. Don't misunderstand me—present company of course always excepted. (*to audience.*) We shall always be glad to see you, you know. And if you will honor our house with a visit, we will do all in our power to make you comfortable, especially if it is during THE MECHANICS' FAIR.

CURTAIN.

LOCKED IN;

OR,

THE WALL OF CHINA.

A FARCE—IN ONE ACT.

By T. P. JAMES, Esq.

Author of The Red Light—The Wheel of Fortune—Phantom, or the Mystery of Great Grimwood—Lafin Wahter, or the Tyrant, the Trio and the Treasure—Golden Teapot, or the Prince, the Pirate, the Pet and the Policeman—Salt Water, or the Little Bill that was overdue—&c., &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

The Cast of Characters, Costumes, Properties, Exits and Entrances, and Stage Business.

SAN FRANCISCO:
J. P. TRACY AND COMPANY,
518 CLAY STREET, (Up Stairs.)
1878.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

LOCKED IN.

The author lays no claim to originality for this piece, other than for the text, the plot being already a familiar one with many of our theatrical patrons. The farce was written expressly for Mr. G. W. Smith, the popular comedian, and Miss Jennie Wilson, the charming little soubrette ; their pronounced success in *A Conjugal Lesson* suggested the idea to the author. Mr. Smith's impersonation of "Peter Stubbins" was an artistic success. His hollow, dry cough and sepulchral laugh seemed to denote that the hyphondriac's worst fears were not unlikely to be realized. His astonishment at finding a lady in his apartment, is equalled by his trepidation at the discovery that by the upsetting of the brass-bound box his keys are securely incarcerated, and, in consequence, the lady and himself are effectually *locked in*. His heroic attempt to descend by the window is frustrated by a ferocious canine, from whose embraces he is glad to escape with a torn coat and pantaloons. His brilliant idea of dividing the room into two sections by means of a chalk line, which line is to be considered as infrangible as the wall of China, or the Pyrenees, is upset by his own curiosity, which prompts him to peep over the *wall* contrary to agreement. Finally the climax, so artfully worked up, opens Peter's eyes to the fact that he has been a dupe all along to an unscrupulous physician, who has swindled him out of a wife and a fortune ; both of which, however, he recovers by the lucky accident of being locked in with the lady herself.

☞ A. R. B.

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,

As originally performed by the California Dramatic Club, on the evening of Friday, November 2d, 1877.

Peter Stubbins—a hyphondriac.....Mr. G. W. Smith.
Fanny Fact, with song.....Miss Jennie Wilson.

COSTUMES.

FANNY.—Neat travelling dress.
STUBBINS.—A seedy tight-fitting suit of black, tall hat and black wig.

PROPERTIES.

Coal-scuttle, tongs, warming-pan, broken plate, basket of provisions, newspaper, two candlesticks, vials and pill boxes, caracatures, bedstead with curtains, washstand, easy chair, small table, small brass-bound box, two stools—bunch of keys, umbrella and carpet-bag for Stubbins.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. *means Left;* R. *Right;* C. *Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. 1 E. *Left First Entrance;* R. 1 E. *Right First Entrance;* L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance;* R. S. E. *Right Second Entrance;* L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance;* R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance.*

Time of representation—20 minutes.

LOCKED IN.

SCENE.—*A plain apartment. A window* (*closed*) *in flat,* L. C.—*door,* R. S. E.—*bed with curtains,* R. U. E.—*washstand with a broken pitcher and half of a plate—fire-place with fire burning,* L. S. E.—*coal-scuttle, tongs and warming pan—a chair up* C. *with covered basket—two stools—a table, on which are two lighted candles and a small brass-bound box* (*open*). *Over mantel a variety of medicine bottles and pill boxes of all sizes—above them an engraving of a prize-fight—near washstand a caracature of a man hanging from a gibbet—time, night—wind and rain heard as curtain rises.* —FANNY FACT *discovered seated in a large easy chair by the fire.*

Fanny. What a disagreeable night! It is positively raining pitchforks, and here I am miles away from a comfortable home ensconced in a strange boarding-house. This fire is really enchanting after the tedious ride I endured from the railroad station in a rickety coach, exposed all the way to the rain and chilly atmosphere of the afternoon. Dear, me! it is certainly a novel sensation to be imitating the heroine of a fashionable novel, fleeing as I am from the horrid persecution of a detestible uncle and an odious cousin, both of whom are, no doubt, by this time on my track. It was an unfortunate circumstance that induced my father to leave me to the tender mercies of his brother, instead of placing me under the control of a most excellent aunt; for no sooner did my booby

of a cousin, whose brains are as light as his hair, arrive home from college, than he had the audacity to fall in love with me, or with the property my father left me, which is the most likely. In consequence, the simpleton has become insufferable by reason of his ceaseless attentions. He has followed me about with a persistency that has completely exhausted the small stock of patience I possessed, so, after mature deliberation, having been forced to believe I could obtain no redress from my uncle, who but too plainly winks at the plans of his son, I determined to cast my chains off, and seek the protection of my aunt Polly, who lives some twelve miles from here. Were my persecutors aware of my present asylum, I should have them at my door before to-morrow morning; but, happily, I think I have thrown them off the scent. [*Stirs fire.*] The wintry blasts without remind me of my Jack, who left me one fine morning, years ago, to try his fortune on the rolling wave, and I have never heard from him since. [*Comes down* C.] Alas! perhaps he is even now food for the big fishes, or what is worse, married to one of those nasty mermaids I have read about. [*Sings.*

I had a lover, and he loved me,
In his head he got a notion
To make a pile of money he'd go to sea,
Across the stormy ocean.
And often he would rave
About money and a cave
Hid away upon an island;
So he went to sea,
And left poor me
To lament his loss on dry land.

Chorus.—Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack!
Come back, back, back!
And hear the little ducks go Quack! Quack!
Quack!
Come back from sea,
And marry me,
And never mind the money.

I've got bonds, and gas stock, too,
And shares in great Spring Valley;
With lots of real estate at my command,
And bullion, too, to tally.
And it's yours, dear Jack—
All of it intact—
Including me, if you'll claim me;
So don't be long,
For my passion's strong,
Yes, I love you, Jack, do you blame me?
Chorus.—Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack! etc.

What a peculiar room, to be sure. [*Looking around.*] The landlady says it is occupied by a gentleman who is at present temporally absent. The house being quite full when I arrived, she took the liberty to accommodate me with his apartment for the night, for she has no reason to expect the gentleman back for several days yet. By the number of bottles and boxes on the mantel-piece I should judge the poor man was not in the best of health. [*Yawning.*] Dear me, how sleepy I am. [*Looks at her watch.*] Good gracious, it is half-past twelve o'clock. I shall be sure to oversleep myself in the morning, and so give my disagreeable cousin an opportunity to catch me ere I can reach my destination. [*Tries door,* R. H.] The door is locked and the key gone. I recollect, the landlady said she would prevent my being annoyed by any of the gentleman's friends, who, unaware of his absence, might seek to intrude into the privacy of my apartment. [*Yawns.*] I can hardly keep my eyes open. [*Puts candles out, gets into bed and draws the curtain. Pause, during which the wind and rain increases.*

Enter PETER STUBBINS *through door,* R. H., *with umbrella and valise. He is dressed in a very shabby suit of black.*

Peter. [*Shivering.*] Boo! I'm drenched through and through—I might even say I strongly resemble a drowned rat. (*Crosses to fire-place and puts down umbrella.*] I shall

catch my death of cold, I know. [*Lights one of the candles, and during the following opens valise, from which he takes various articles of apparel, which he spreads out on easy chair before the fire.*] Talking of death, my physician and particular friend, Dr. Slyboots, says my goose is cooked—that I shall fall with the autumn leaves—so I haven't got six months to live. A pleasant prospect! He says my ailment is consumption—the bare mention of which gives me a fit of ague—and when I remarked that my appetite was in no way impaired, he said that disease is a great promoter of digestion. Oh, lor,—talk of digestion to a man with one foot in the grave. And another thing—as I am rather susceptible to beauty and fascination in the opposite sex, Dr. Slyboots said I must avoid such excitement, for were I to fall in love my life wouldn't be worth a nine-days purchase. I feel my courage slowly oozing out at the toes of my boots. That reminds me that they *are* decidedly damp—I must remove them at once. [*Sits, pulls off his boots and puts on slippers, which he takes from valise.*] How very thoughtful of Mrs. Waddle to provide a fire, ready waiting my return—my letter evidently had the desired effect. Very nice lady, is Mrs. Waddle. Very fond of her lodgers. [*Rises and goes up stage winding his watch, which he deposits with his keys in the brass-bound box—he is about to close the lid but suddenly recollects.*] Stop! I had almost forgotten the fact that this box shuts with a spring. Had I closed it, my keys would have been like a suit in chancery 'till a locksmith relieved them, and I should be most effectually locked in. [*Crosses to* L.] I'll make my bed just a little bit comfortable. [*He takes warming-pan, warms it over fire, and crossing to bed inserts it between the curtains.* FANNY FACT *screams, and jumps out*—PETER *recoils in amazement, letting warming-pan drop and upsetting table with the box and candle—stage dark.*

Fanny. Thieves!

Peter. [*Having lighted the candle.*] A woman!

Fanny. How did you get in here, sir?

Peter. How would you expect, but through the door? Would you mind explaining why you happen to be in my room?

Fanny. Your room, sir!

Peter. Yes—my bachelor apartment.

Fanny. [*Aside.*] I see it all—the gentleman has returned—how unfortunate. [*Aloud.*] Excuse me, sir, but the landlady accommodated me with this room, as the house is quite full and you were not expected.

Peter. Not expected! why my letter was certainly plain enough. Not expected! nonsense!

Fanny. Your letter, sir? really she could not possibly have received it, for she told me herself I need not apprehend your return.

Peter. Zounds! I posted it myself—she must have got it—I'll swear she got it—this is a conspiracy—when I say I posted it myself I mean to say— [*Finds letter in his pocket.*

Fanny. There, sir; you see you are mistaken.

Peter. Yes—[*Aside.*] What a fool I've made of myself.

Fanny. And now, sir, I shall consider it a particular favor if you will leave this apartment for to-night.

Peter. Leave my room—why where am I to go—you say the house is full.

Fanny. I've no doubt but you can find accommodation down stairs. [*Sweetly.*] I'm sure you'll oblige me—you know it's only for one night.

Peter. I suppose I must—but it's very disagreeable to be turned out of one's own bed-room.

Fanny. I'm sorry, sir; but really it was your own fault.

Peter. My fault!

Fanny. You were not expected, sir.

Peter. But I pay for the room by the month, whether I am expected or not.

Fanny. Yes, sir—but then you know the accommodation of a lady—

Peter. Well, I see I must be obliging.

Fanny. I'm a thousand times obliged to you, sir.

Peter. [*Picking up table.*] Don't mention it, madam. [*Lifting up brass-bound box, which is shut.*] Good gracious!

Fanny. What's the matter, sir?

Peter. I placed my keys in this box, which has a spring catch, so those indispensible articles are securely locked up.

Fanny. You can remedy that in the morning, sir.

Peter. But in the mean time how am I to get out?

Fanny. Get out, sir! why by the door.

Peter. Impossible—it is locked.

Fanny. But your pass key?

Peter. Is with the others in the box.

Fanny. How unlucky. [*Aside.*] What do you propose to do?

Peter. I'm completely non-plused—we are fairly locked in.

Fanny. But, sir, you must leave—think of my reputation.

Peter. I'll call out to Mrs. Waddle. [*Going.*

Fanny. [*Pulling him back.*] You'll alarm the house, sir—besides, what would she think—I'd be ruined. You must get out some other way, sir.

Peter. I'll call to my friend in the next room. [*Going.*

Fanny. [*Pulling him back.*] Consider my reputation, sir, if we are discovered here locked in together at this hour of the night—[*Looking at her watch.*] or rather morning. It is nearly half-past one o'clock, sir.

Peter. I think it is.

Fanny. I admire your coolness, sir.

Peter. Coolness—I'm beginning to be seriously alarmed lest my character be ruined if any one were to find I was shut up with a lady.

Fanny, This jesting is unfeeling, sir. You have brought

me into this predicament and ought to do something to extricate me from it.

Peter. Madam, I'll do anything you please. [*Crossing and aside.*] The more I look at her—the more I contemplate those gorgeous eyes—the more I perceive the danger of remaining here. Dr. Slyboots' warning rises vividly before my imagination. If I stay much longer I'll be hopelessly gone—a victim to the charms of my extraordinary room-mate. [*Aloud.*] I'll break open the door.

Fanny. [*Alarmed.*] Sir—sir, that will never do.

Peter. I'll jump out of the window. [*Goes up.*] Oh, lor, it's two stories high.

Fanny. You are very kind, sir—that will be the best course—jump—pray jump. [*Goes up to window.*

Peter. But, it's rather high—besides it's raining cats and dogs. Then the water-butt is immediately underneath.

Fanny. But, sir—

Peter. If I only had a ladder now—

Fanny. There's a trellis for a grape vine—couldn't you manage to scramble down that?

Peter. [*Aside.*] She wants me to commit suicide.

Fanny. [*In a fascinating persuasive tone.*] There is no danger—pray oblige me.

Peter. [*Aside.*] There's no resisting such fascination—I dare not stay a moment longer, or my goose will be irrevocably cooked, and I shall be a dead man in nine days. In endeavoring to prevent myself from falling in love, I am running a tolerable fair chance of falling from the window.

Fanny. Pray, sir, are you going—

Peter. Yes, to oblige such loveliness in distress I would willingly jump from the top of the spire of St. Patrick's Church. [*Going to window and putting one leg out.*] Boo! how cold it is. If I should break a leg or two—never mind. [*Prepares to descend.*] Here I am, imitating the cats, and all to

run away from a pretty woman. This may be very romantic or chivalrous for troubadours and knights-errant, but I prefer a stair-case. [*Disappears.*

Fanny. Poor fellow, I'm sorry to turn him out—he's quite a martyr to his politeness. I consider myself extremely fortunate in having met with such a well-bred and considerate person—had he been like my silly cousin, I'm afraid I should have been in frightful difficulties. [*Crossing to fire.*] Dear me, he forgot his boots—he'll catch his death of cold.

[*The barking of a large dog is heard.*

Peter. [*Without.*] Hi, there! Hullo! Hullo! Get out you brute! Get out! Murder? Help!

Fanny. Good gracious! what's the matter?

Peter. Murder! Let go, you brute! Help! [*Re-enters suddenly through window, with his clothes very badly torn—*FANNY *screams.*] Oh, lor! why don't they feed their dogs here. [*Dog barks again.*] It won't do old fellow!

Fanny. Oh, go down again, sir—pray do.

Peter. Impossible, madam; there's an enormous Cerberus below who wishes to sup on me.

Fanny. You cannot think to remain—

Peter. But my retreat is cut off by that terrible dog. [*Dog barks again.*] Hi, there, you brute be quiet!

Fanny. But, sir, you cannot have the intention of passing the night here?

Peter. But, madam, you surely do not wish me to be devoured?

Fanny. [*Getting very angry.*] Sir, it is high time we should understand each other!

Peter. I'm perfectly of your opinion.

Fanny. This room belongs to me.

Peter. I beg pardon—to me.

Fanny. But I paid for the use of it to-night.

Peter. And I have paid for the use of it for the month.

Fanny. [*In a rage.*] Well, sir, what is to be done?

Peter. I don't know madam—we are locked in.

Fanny. [*Taking a footstool and sitting in front of stage.*] I suppose, then, I must pass the night here.

Peter. Allow me to offer a suggestion.

Fanny. Speak, sir, I am forced to listen to you.

Peter. Suppose we divide the chamber, then we shall both be at home, and at liberty to act as we please—what say you, madam?

Fanny. How is it to be accomplished?

Peter. Thus. [*Taking a piece of chalk from mantle-piece, he draws a line in the middle of the stage, from the front to the back.*] There is the line—the equator. Will you take up your abode north or south?

Fanny. [*Pointing to fire-place and passing to* L.] I should prefer the south.

Peter. Granted. [*Jumps over line to* R.] I'm settled in the north.

Fanny. But the line is to be considered infrangible.

Peter. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the wall of China; and that has never been got over, you know. Agreed.

Fanny. And each will keep strict silence during the whole of the night.

Peter. Agreed. But if I should chance to speak in my dreams, that mustn't be considered an infraction.

Fanny. That clause is granted. And whichever should break this agreement—

Peter. Shall be considered an ungentlemanly fellow.

Fanny. Agreed, Now, good night, sir.

Peter. Good night. [FANNY *goes to mantle-piece and arranges her hair before glass*—PETER *seats himself on stool near bed and gazes at her with comic inquietude.*] This is uncommonly awkward.

Fanny. [*Aside.*] Notwithstanding our separation, the prox-

imity of my neighbor is far from agreeable. The China wall is very transparent. Well, I suppose it can't be helped. [*Places easy chair near fire, and sits.*

Peter. [*Looking at bed.*] I haven't got the worst half. I've remarked that the beds in the country are very soft and good. [*Feels bed.*] Eh! hullo! Mrs. Waddle must have changed my mattrass. When they put the feathers into this they forgot to take out the fowls. That poor little woman does not seem very comfortable. Suppose I offer her a pillow. [*Takes a pillow from bed and advances to line, which he is very careful not to pass, and makes a variety of extravagant gestures to attract* FANNY'S *attention, whose back is turned to him.* FANNY *turns,* PETER *repeats his pantomime, placing his head on pillow, etc.* FANNY *rises, takes pillow, which* PETER *gives her at arm's length; thanks him in graceful action, and returns to her seat.*

Fanny. [*Aside.*] He is really very polite. I do not repent my hospitality.

Peter. Fate favors me and I shall profit by it. [*Humming a lively air—takes off his coat and views it.*] There's sixteen dollars gone. [*Takes off cravat and vest.*

Fanny. The gentleman is very gay. [*Turns and rises alarmed.*] Sir, sir, what are you about?

Peter. [*Arranging bed and speaking in a whisper.*] Hush!

Fanny. Surely you do not mean to undress?

Peter. Hush!

Fanny. But I cannot suffer—

Peter. Hush! You are breaking the treaty. Hush!

Fanny. It is impossible that you can go to bed, sir!

Peter. How impossible? Isn't it my territory; and wouldn't it be very ridiculous that a luxury which has been twice paid for shouldn't be used?

Fanny. [*Coaxingly.*] But my *dear*, sir, I entreat you—

Peter. [*Aside.*] There, she has me again. I can't withstand

her wheedling. [*Aloud.*] Well, I renounce my advantage. (*Puts on coat and vest and draws stool forward.*] This is very hard—*very hard.* [*Fidgets about and appears very uncomfortable.* FANNY *has resumed her seat.*] I've nothing to support my head.

Fanny. If you like this easy chair, sir, it is very much at your service.

Peter. [*Rises and bowing.*] No, thank you, madam, I wouldn't take it from you for the world. Stay; will you have the kindness to transport it to the frontier?

Fanny. Willingly, sir. For what purpose?

(*Removes chair to* C.

Peter. To illustrate. [*He places chair so that the hind legs are on the line.*] Now oblige by resuming your seat. [FANNY *sits*—PETER *places two stools in a line behind the chair, then goes to bed and brings down a pillow.*

Fanny. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow! I must confess that his submission is very heroic. [PETER *puts pillow against chair, sits on stool nearest chair and stretches out his legs on the other.*

Peter. There, that's comfortable.

Fanny. Now, sir, we will, if you please, return to our treaty —Good night.

Peter. Good night! [*Seeing that his legs are beyond the second stool.*] My bedstead is rather short; I'm obliged to let my legs float in the atmosphere. I'm not accustomed to sleep in a chair; I should make a very bad magistrate in that particular. This is a very novel kind of *tete-a-tete*—a rather perplexing thing to sleep so close to a pretty woman—each moment I feel the fascination she exercises over me increasing—goodness gracious! if I yield to the deadly influence I may as well order my friend Brown, the undertaker, to have a coffin ready for me in nine days. [*Pause—he listens—aloud.*] Are you asleep, madam? [*Aside.*] Yes—she is, fast. I should like to see how she looks; what is there to prevent me from

having a peep? [*He sits up; the pillow falls, then without putting his feet to the ground, he kneels on the stool and leans both hands on the back of the chair—during this movement the stool on which he kneels creaks; by gestures he requests it to be quiet.*

Fanny. [*Aside.*] I think my neighbor has got up. [PETER *leans over chair and peeps at her—she, without rising, draws the chair away quickly—*PETER, *whose hands are resting on the back, nearly falls.*

Peter. [*Trying to recover his balance.*] Hullo! Hullo!

Fanny. [*Pretending surprise.*] Eh! What's the matter, sir?

Peter. You have again broken our treaty and almost my neck.

Fanny. How so?

Peter. You have removed the wall.

Fanny. [*Rising.*] And you, sir, peeped over it.

Peter. I couldn't help it; I was overcome with curiosity.

Fanny. You have forfeited my confidence, so there can be no dealings between us. [*Takes chair to fire-place and sits.*

Peter. I must remove again. [*Picks up pillow, and removes stools to bed.*] The bed is interdicted—the easy chair is gone —I am really a most unfortunate individual.

[*Sits; but presently he rises and walks up and down stage.*

Fanny. [*Aside.*] My neighbor seems determined to keep me awake. Why can't he be quiet? I'm getting so nervous. [PETER *continues to walk.*] Dear me, I can't stand this. [*Rises.*] Sir, sir!

Peter. [*Stops.*] Well, madam.

Fanny. Will you accept an invitation to supper, sir?

Peter. Supper at five in the morning?

Fanny. Well, breakfast then, if you prefer.

Peter. Excuse me, madam, but really I can't see how we can get out to get breakfast.

Fanny. I have it here. [*Goes and brings basket from chair.*

Peter. My dear, madam, I accept your invitation.

[*He places table exactly in the centre of the chalk line.*

Fanny. If we only had a table-cloth.

Peter. [*Gets a newspaper and spreads it out.*] There.

Fanny. [*Laying out the contents of the basket.*] Dear, me; we haven't got a plate. [PETER *goes to washstand and brings the broken one.*] That's only half of a plate.

Peter. I lent the other half to my friend in the next room. [*They sit.* PETER *cuts bread and chicken.*] This is a rather small chicken. By the way, I've a conundrum for you.

Fanny. Well, what is it?

Peter. Why is this chicken like a young lover?

Fanny. Dear, me; I couldn't guess—why is it?

Peter. Because it's so remarkably tender. [*Both laugh.*] That aint bad, is it? [*They eat.*] By the way, may I take the liberty to inquire where you are travelling to, unattended?

Fanny. Certainly, sir; but it's a long story.

Peter. So much the better; I like long stories.

Fanny. Well, sir; then you must know that I am the victim of a horrid persecution.

Peter. [*Becoming very interested.*] You don't say so!

Fanny. Yes; I am in fact, sir, running away from my uncle, and his horrible son.

Peter. Oh!

Fanny. To seek an asylum with my aunt Polly.

Peter. Ah!

Fanny. You no doubt will wonder at so extraordinary a proceeding on the part of a young lady—

Peter. Oh, not at all.

Fanny. But I am sure, sir, when you know all, you will agree that I am acting wisely.

Peter. Certainly—I agree to that already.

Fanny. But you have not heard the story.

Peter. That's of no consequence. I'll swear that you are an injured party. I'll take an oath to anything.

Fanny. But my dear sir, you are rash to form so hasty a conclusion. However, you shall see for yourself.

Peter. Yes—of course.

Fanny. My father intended that I should marry the son of an old friend, and with that view he bequeathed all of his property conjointly to myself and this young man—my intended.

Peter. Happy young man!

Fanny. With this proviso: that should either of us refuse to abide by the condition and reject the alliance, the entire property should revert to the other.

Peter. Of course *he* did not refuse, and you—

Fanny. As you may naturally suppose, I dreaded to link my future to one of whom I knew nothing, and who to this day I never saw.

Peter. Never saw your intended?

Fanny. No—and what is more, *he* never has seen me.

Peter. Oh!

Fanny. And is utterly ignorant that any such will exists.

Peter. That accounts for it.

Fanny. My uncle, who is my guardian, agreed to extricate me from my unpleasant predicament, provided I would agree to marry his son, who, also, I had never seen.

Peter. This is certainly very extraordinary.

Fanny. Yes, sir; but to avoid one evil I pretended to acquiesce; so my uncle, who I then found out was this young man's medical advisor, and had all along been coaxing money out of the simpleton's pocket on the plea of treating him for an imaginary incurable case of consumption, persuaded the ninny to sign a refusal of my hand, with the threat that should he fall in love his life would not be worth a nine-days' lease.

Peter. What! [*Starting.*

Fanny. [*Alarmed.*] Sir, sir! what is the matter?

Peter. Nothing—nothing! [*Forcing a laugh.*] Go on.

Fanny. So now, by the conditions of the will, all the property reverts to me. [*Laughs.*] And my uncle has arranged to send the silly young man off to Europe to get him out of the way.

Peter. [*With a sepulchral laugh and a grimace.*] Go on.

Fanny. [*Aside.*] My companion is certainly acting very strangely. [*Aloud.*] Having thus extricated me from one predicament, my uncle insisted on urging matters with regard to his son, much against my inclination; for I soon found my cousin to be a fashionable fop, who regarded a woman with much the same view that one admires a fine horse. His attentions became unbearable, so I have taken the present mode to rid myself of them.

Peter. The name of your highly respected uncle is—

Fanny. Dr. Slyboots.

Peter. [*Jumping up and shouting.*] Ha!

Fanny. [*Rising in dismay.*] Goodness gracious, sir!

Peter. [*Excited.*] I see it all! An infernal conspiracy—a diabolical subterfuge! He has robbed me of a wife of whom I knew nothing, and of wealth of which I knew less. What a donkey I've been! [*Seizes* FANNY'S *hand.*] Do you know who I am?

Fanny. [*Aside.*] He's mad—I'm locked in with a lunatic. [*Aloud.*] Really, sir—

Peter. You do not—I am Peter Stubbins!

Fanny. [*Astonished.*] My intended!

Peter. Exactly. Here I've been stuffing myself with medicines and cartloads of pills under the impression I was on the verge of the grave. I've signed away a pretty wife and a snug fortune. No wonder you called me a simpleton! So old Slyboots is going to send me to Europe is he? Oh, I'd like to throttle him!

Fanny. Oh, dear, how romantic this is, to be sure.

Peter. The more I look at you, the more impossible I feel it is to shake off the chains your presence has already drawn around me. I cannot resist the fascination of those lovely eyes.

Fanny. Sir!

Peter. Come, now, you'll admit I've been taken at a disadvantage; make amends and marry me—you'll thus escape at once the persecution of your disagreeable cousin, and that old villain, Slyboots.

Fanny. But, sir, so unexpected a proposition—

Peter. [*Aside.*] The woman that hesitates they say—[*Aloud.*] Come now, say the word; it's broad daylight and Mrs. Waddle will be here presently.

Fanny. Well, I suppose I must capitulate—but not unconditionally, sir. There's my hand.

Peter. Of course.

Fanny. And I trust, sir, that we shall never have cause to regret our having been—

Peter. LOCKED IN.

CURTAIN.

THE

LIMERICK BOY;

OR,

PADDY'S MISCHIEF.

AN ORIGINAL FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

By JAMES PILGRIM,

AUTHOR OF

Paddy the Piper—Shandy McGuire—Irish Assurance—Eva, the Irish Princess—Ireland and America—Servants by Legacy—Robert Emmet—Pirate Doctor—Clouds and Sunshine—&c., &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

The Cast of Characters, Costumes, Properties, Exits and Entrances, and Stage Business.

SAN FRANCISCO:

J. P. TRACY AND COMPANY,

518 CLAY STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

1878.

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,

	As performed by the California Dramatic Club. Turn Verein Hall, 1869.	Farragut's Th. Val. 1875.
Paddy Miles	Mr. T. S. Williams.	Mr. Harry Fish.
Dr. Coates	C. H. Waters.	G. S. Crane.
Henry	Arthur Walcott.	J. C. Clement.
Reuben	Harry Pierce.	Geo. Hall.
Job	G. R. French.	G. W. Smith.
Mrs. Fidget	Miss T. Anderson.	Miss S. Hopkins.
Jane	Julia French.	Clara Hall.

COSTUMES.

PADDY MILES.—Gray frieze coat, red vest, corduroy breeches, gray stockings, ankle shoes, and high crown hat.

DR. COATES.—Black cut-away coat, embroidered vest, black breeches, blue stockings, shoes and buckles, white neck-cloth, white wig, and cane.

HARRY.—Modern walking suit.

JOB.—White shirt, red vest, black velveteen breeches, green apron, shoes, gray stockings, and sandy wig.

REUBEN.—Green shooting coat with white pearl buttons, plush vest, drab breeches, blue stockings, shoes, colored cravat, countryman's hat, wig.

MRS. FIDGET.—Respectable old lady's dress.

JANE.—Walking dress.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. *means Left;* R. *Right;* C. *Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. 1 E. *First Entrance Left;* R. 1 E. *First Entrance Right;* L. S. E. *Second Entrance Left;* R. S. E. *Second Entrance Right;* L. 3 E. *Third Entrance Left;* R. 3 E. *Third Entrance Right;* G. *Groove, in which the scene and wings slide.*

Time of representation—40 minutes.

THE LIMERICK BOY.

SCENE I.—*Cottage flats,* 5 G. *Garden wall across stage,* 4 G., *with* C. *gates, practical. Set house,* R. S. E., *door, practical, with brass plate, on it* "DR. COATES." *Upper window over door, practical, backed by interior. Sign post and swing sign on* L. 3 E. "*Pig and Whistle.*" HARRY *discovered.*

Harry. Good heavens, it seems long! If I could but see my dear Jane, I wouldn't care; but that cursed Mrs. Fidget, and Job, the gardener, are so careful, I have no chance; however, I'll run to the back gate; perchance I may see her at the window. [*Exit,* R. S. E.

Enter PADDY, L. 1 E., *singing, with bundle and stick.*

Pad. Here I am all the way from Limerick; bad luck to my ould father's name. If anything was done in Limerick, and you only asked who did it, they would be shure to say it was Paddy Miles' boy; thin I came here to live wid Mister Fireshovel—by my sowl, it was all the same. Who broke the plates and dishes? Paddy Miles' boy. Who put the cockles on the cat's feet? Paddy Miles' boy. Who let the dog out, and killed all the cocks, hens, and chickens? Paddy Miles' boy. Bad luck to Paddy Miles' boy, says my master—I'll kick him out of the house—and he done it. And here I am an independent gintleman, out of place, wid one shilling in my pocket, and all through being Paddy Miles' boy. What to do I don't know. A lucky thought has run through the top of my house—I'll change my name—I've heard talk of the same thing being done, but that was by paying a big sum of money; faith, it's come to this, I'll take Frinch lave; so here goes; it shall be Paddy O'Connor, and I'll look afther some one to make a master of.

Enter HARRY *from doctor's shop,* R. S. E.

Har. Young man, you seem at a loss which way to go! Are you in want of a situation?

Pad. [*Aside.*] How the divil did he know that? [*Aloud.*] Shure that's the thing I do want!

Har. Indeed! Would you have any objection to serve a doctor?

Pad. Serve a doctor! Ha, ha, ha! By my sowl I should niver be able to take all the physic he would be afther giving me.

Har. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! My good fellow, you will have no medicine to swallow—merely carry it round to our customers. My father wants a lad, and by your appearance, I think you'll suit. Twenty pounds a year, with board and lodging—manage a few private affairs for me, which is all that will be required.

Pad. Twinty pounds! Say it again—you're joking.

Har. Indeed, I am not! I repeat that you will have twenty pounds per year, board, washing and lodging.

Pad. Twinty pounds a year! I'll go home—buy Ireland and sink it; if that's all you'll require, I'm the one for ye's—shure I can tell a lie, and kape a sacret better than any boy in the parish.

Har. Well, consider yourself engaged! But where did you live last? What's your name? Of course you have a character.

Pad. I suppose ivery man has a character. I've come from Limerick—my name's Paddy O'Connor. [*Feeling in pockets.*] My character is like a wild colt—it's got into some corner. [*Finds it in his hat.*] Here it is, from my ould master, Larry O'Brallig an' Calligan McFousel. [*Gives it.*

Har. [*Reading.*] "Paddy Miles worked for me, at the bogs of Limerick—was an honest, decent boy—left on his own account—as the girls would all be telling lies on him."

Pad. Yes, and tickling me!

Har. [*Aside.*] So, so! he has had some experience with the fair sex, and will answer my purpose the better. [*Aloud.*] But you told me your name was Paddy O'Connor.

Pad. Thin I told you a lie. Now I'll tell you the truth; when I was at Limerick, the darlint place—was you iver there, sir?

Har. Never.

Pad. Thin you lost a big sight, I can tell you. When I was at Limerick, as I said before, I was shure to be in some trouble—whatever was going astray, Paddy Miles' boy was shure to be doing it ; so, to kape out of scrapes, I changed my name, loike my sister Judy, only, ye see, she got married, and I didn't, and as I wished to be a respectable member of society, and as I'm going to kape a secret for you, faith, I don't think I'll be axing such a moighty dale too much for you to do the same for me ; and when a man's bothered what can be so delightful as a true and confidential friend ?

Har. True, Paddy ! I'll keep your secret for you, but when you see my father, mind your P's and Q's.

[*Exit into doctor's shop,* R. S. E.

Pad. [*Feeling in his pockets.*] Stop, sir ! Mister ! sir, sir ! Be damn but he might want the character himself.

Re-enter HARRY, R. S. E.

You forgot to give me back my character.

Har. True, here it is ! [*Exit,* R. S. E.

Pad. I am engaged with twinty pounds a year, breakfast, dinner and supper, wid a doctor—if he only knew it was Paddy Miles' boy, I'd be kicked out. I'm to kape a secret—that will be no aisy matter ; and tell a lie—that's the rub for me—shure I'll niver forget Limerick, where paraties cost nothing, and buttermilk half the price ; but it's no use thinking of the days gone by ; I'll take some whisky punch, and drink long life to the boy that brewed it—faith, it reminds me of home, when I was the ladies' darlint.

[*Sings song, then exits into the Pig and Whistle,* L. 3 E.

Enter REUBEN, L. 1 E.

Reu. Ha, ha, ha ? Well, I can't help thinking how nicely I've been tricked by Miles' boy—ha, ha, ha ! He must be a rum chap to be sure—went three miles for a job. "Who sent you ?" said the farmer. "Why, Miles' boy," said I. "Damn Miles' boy," said he—ha, ha, ha ! "What for ?" said I. "He sent me twenty other chaps about the same thing," said he—ha, ha, ha ! All the places I went, they told me the same story—ha, ha, ha ! Now, as I've been made such a fool of by Miles' boy, I don't see why I shouldn't make a fool of somebody else, and tell him it was Miles' boy

—ha, ha, ha! Dr. Coates lives here; I'll tell him that Farmer Saddletree be dying—ha, ha, ha! [*Knocks at door.*] Doctor, doctor!

Doc. [*Looks out of window.*] My good fellow, what's the matter that you bawl so loud?

Ren. The matter be that Farmer Saddletree be taken very ill, and wants you directly. I be sorry, doctor, I can't go with you. [*Doctor leaves window.*] It bites—he'll go. Ha, ha, ha! Miles' boy. [*Exit,* R. I E.

Enter DR. COATES *from house,* R. S. E.

Doc. I'll go immediately! Bless me! all the village is ill —a rare time for me this—I have so much to do, I don't know which way to go first. By-the-by, I have not paid my respects to Mrs. Fidget yet; confound that son of mine, here I am paying my addresses to the mother, and the young rascal is making love to the daughter. Death and the devil! I am thinking of my domestic troubles, while some of my patients are dying! I'll be off to the farmer's. [*Going,* L., PADDY *enters from Pig and Whistle,* L. 3 E., *runs against him.*] Can't you look where you are going? [*Exit,* L. I E.

Pad. Bad luck to you! can't you see yourself? Ho, there! come back; you have left something behind you.

Re-enter DOCTOR, L. I E.

Doc. What have I left behind me?

Pad. Your manners, you spalpeen!

Doc. Go to the devil, you young scoundrel! [*Exit,* L. I E.

Pad. Ha, ha, ha! go to the divil yourself, and niver come back again. Scoundrel! did he call me? I'm a better man than iver he was, Mr. Paddy Miles—O, it's Paddy O'Connery, I mane. Och, murder! if that ould fellow should be the chap I am going to make my master—I'm blown up, sunk and done over! I wonder what my young master wants me to kape a secret from his father, and tell a lie to his mother for? I have it—he is going caterwallering afther the girls; I am the one for him—shure my ould father always told me I was a divil of a boy for a job in the dark. [*Sings.*

Enter HARRY, *with bottle,* R. S. E.

Har. Paddy, you seem in a merry humor.

Pad. How can I be otherwise, when engaged by a gintleman like yourself? As aisy as you could say whack! I could jump through a brick wall.

Har. The devil you could! But I have better sport in view. My father is paying his addresses to Mrs. Fidget, who lives in yonder house, and I have formed an attachment for her daughter, but the old folks have arranged matters so, I can't get into the house; I have no chance of seeing my dear Jane—and the gardener, Job, is as spiteful to me as his mistress.

Pad. Spiteful is he to you? Show him to me, my darlint! I'll knock daylight through him!

Har. No, no! My dear fellow, that won't do—stratagem is the order of the day. I intend to mix a bottle of medicine, by which means you can gain admittance to the house, and give this letter to Jane unnoticed. [*Gives letter.*

Pad. I'll do it, sir. Get me the physic, and show me the door, and thin I'll find the house myself.

Har. I'll get it instantly. [*Exit into shop*, R. S. E.

Pad. Niver fear, but I'll get the blind side of them—pitch the blarney to the ould woman and gardener—he don't know what a boy I am for the girls. O, murder! how they used to fight for me at Limerick, when Judy went up like a sheaf of straw, and Kitty went down like a sack of sand.

Re-enter HARRY, *with bottle*, R. S. E.

Har. Here is the medicine, Paddy; pray, be careful.

Pad. Niver fear, sir; I'll just be understanding the thing right—the physic is for the young girl, and the letter for the ould woman?

Har. No, no! the letter is for the young lady.

Pad. Very well, sir—all right, sir—you're down upon that ould woman, sir. I'll do it. [HARRY *exits*, R. S. E.

PADDY *goes to the garden gate, in* C., *and knocks loud.* JOB *opens the gate*, C. PADDY *strikes him—he runs down*, L.

I'm the doctor!

Job. [L.] O, you have nearly knocked the breath out of me.

Pad. [R.] Niver mind, I'll knock it in again. I'm the doctor, and want to go into the house!

Job. You the doctor, indeed! come, that's a good one.

Pad. Bad luck to ye, ain't I the doctor's boy, wid the physic?

Job. That's more likely, but I can't let you in.

Pad. But I must go in; my master told me so.

Job. What, Dr. Coates? I won't believe it; besides, there is arrangements made between my mistress and your master that no one shall enter.

Pad. Well, don't I know that? he has altered his mind, bekase I am his confidential servant. By the way, it's good news I have to tell you, my darlint!

Job. Good news to tell me! What is it?

Pad. O, be aisy a while; it's the best thing you iver heard of in all your life—your grandfather's dead!

Job. [*Starting.*] Do you call that good news?

Pad. What else should I call it? Shure he won't have the trouble of dying again, and he has left you two hundred pounds, which is waiting for you at the bank in the village.

Job. Why, my grandfather! Mr. Lumpkins, the grocer?

Pad. [*Aside, laughing.*] That's his name, shure enough!

Job. [*Sings and dances.*] Here's luck for a gardener! what, I'll come out a swell next week; but, I say, measter, who told you so?

Pad. Who told me so? 'Pon my soul, it was Paddy Miles' boy!

Job. Jolly good luck to Paddy Miles' boy. There, you may go into the house. I'll be off to get my two hundred pounds. [*Exit, singing and dancing,* L. 1 E.

Pad. [*Calling.*] See here! come back, mister!

Re-enter JOB, L. 1 E.

If you get the two hundred pounds, you'll give me a shilling?

Job. Yes, to be sure I will! [*Exit,* L. 1 E.

Pad. I'm mighty shure that I won't get that shilling anyhow. He's into the secret with Paddy Miles' boy, and I'll be into the house. Who's afraid! Ould Ireland foriver—whoo! [*Exit through garden gate, in* C.

SCENE II.—*A Parlor in* MRS. FIDGET'S *house,* 1 G

Enter MRS. FIDGET *and* JANE, R. 1 E.

Mrs. F. Don't talk to me, miss!

Jane. Indeed, it's a great shame that a young girl like me should be kept a complete prisoner—no one must come in or go out.

Mrs. F. It's all for your own good. You don't know the deceit of the world, as I do. There's not a gentleman in the village I would trust, except Dr. Coates—he is a moral man of honor.

Jane. So is his son, Harry, a man of honor.

Mrs. F. It is false! He is a scapegrace, and no more like his father than an apple is like an oyster.

Jane. Really at your time of life to think of marriage; it is complete folly.

Mrs. F. Why, you brazen-faced—I will have you locked up in your room. [*Calling.*] Mary! Thomas! Job! I say.

Pad. [*Without.*] I'll be wid you, my darlint! [*Runs on* L. 1 E., *and off, and returns.*]

Mrs. F. Bless us, and save us! where did you spring from?

Pad. Spring from! Ould Ireland, to be sure.

Mrs. F. How did you get into this house?

Pad. Why, through the garden gate, and through the door. [*Gives letter to* JANE *unnoticed.*

Mrs. F. But how did you come?

Pad. On the marrow-bone stage of my ten toes.

Mrs. F. What do you want?

Pad. Nothing, ma'am—I brought it myself.

Mrs. F. I shall go mad if I talk to this blockhead! Jane, call the servants.

Jane. La, ma! he must have come for something—perhaps from Dr. Coates.

Pad. To be shure I have. Here is a bottle of physic for the ould woman.

Mrs. F. Why did you not say so at first?

Pad. Because you niver axed me.

Jane. Don't be angry with him; he has just come from Ireland, and he is not used to our ways.

Pad. Yes, ma'am, I came all the way from Limerick, with my own intelligint self, Mr. Paddy O'Connery.

Mrs. F. As that is the case, I must forgive you; but how much of this medicine did your master say I must take at a time?

Pad. At a time, ma'am. [*Aside.*] O, murder, what will I say to her? [*Aloud.*] He said, ma'am, that you must—[*Aside.*] Bad luck to me if I know what he said.

Mrs. F. I wish to know how to take it.

Pad. Yes, ma'am—all right, ma'am.

Mrs. F. You don't understand me! I mean the quantity.

Pad. Yes, ma'am—that's what he said, ma'am!

Mrs. F. Why, you're a fool!

Pad. All right, ma'am—yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. How can you be so stupid; I mean, how much am I to take at a time?

Pad. Take it all at once, ma'am.

Mrs. F. What! take a quart of medicine at once?

Jane. He means, you should take a wine glass full at a time.

Pad. That's just what I mane—take a glass full ivery minute—thin you will feel funny and frisky—take ivery drop, and afther suck the cork.

Mrs. F. Feel funny and frisky—take a glass full every minute—I must be dreadful bad.

Pad. Yes, ma'am, you are very bad, my master told me so.

Mrs. F. My dear child, support me to my room; I am very ill. O, Mr. O'Connery, pray run for your master!—the dear man knows my constitution so well!

[*Exit, leaning on* JANE, R. I E.

Pad. [*Looking after them.*] Yes, ma'am, you've got the tic-deler-ues—ha, ha, ha! The ould woman's quite bad, bekase I brought her the physic. The young lady feels quite well, bekase I brought her the letter. So help my trotter, if the ould woman takes all that physic, she'll be afther having the colley-wabbles, and it's all through Paddy Miles' boy. Somebody's coming; I'll hide myself. [*Retires back.*

Enter DR. COATES *in a passion*, L. I E.

Doc. Death and the devil! I am in a galloping consumption—sent six miles and a half, and all through that Miles' boy—confound him! [PADDY *runs off*, L.] If I had him here, I'd break every bone in his body. What's to do in the house—I don't see any one; I've walked half over—can't hear any one. O, that Miles' boy!

Enter JANE, R. I E.

Jane. Good morning, doctor! How is Mr. Henry?

Doc. Don't name him! I have had a trick played upon me.

Jane. Who has dared to take such liberties with you, sir?

Doc. A rascal! called Miles' boy. A man came to me and said that Farmer Saddletree was dying; away I went, post haste; when I got there, he was smoking his pipe. "Are you not ill?" said I. "Never was better in all my life," said he. I began to curse Miles' boy. I thought of having a good patient—my spirits drooped, like a lump of sugar to the bottom of a teacup; but where is your ma? I wish to see her on particular business.

Jane. You can't see her; she has had a dreadful fright.

Doc. Who has frightened her?

Jane. Miles' boy.

Doc. [*In a passion.*] D—n Miles' boy! If I had hold of him I'd break his infernal neck.

Enter MRS. FIDGET, R. I E.

Mrs. F. My dear doctor, what has ruffled you?

Doc. The same thing that has frightened you—Miles' boy.

Mrs. F. Why, Dr. Coates, it's yourself that scared me! sending your boy here with such a horrid lot of medicine—ordering me to take a wine glass full every minute.

Doc. I sent a boy here with medicine! My dear lady, I have no boy at present. I desired my son to engage one; but I know who it is—that confounded Miles' boy has been here. Of course, you have not taken it?

Mrs. F. Yes, I have taken nearly all of it!

Doc. Mercy on me! it may be poison for what I know! Let me see it, my dear Mrs. Fidget.

Mrs. F. Run, Jane, and bring the bottle to show the doctor. [*Exit* JANE, R. I E.] O, my dear doctor, I shall die, I know I shall! O, that cruel Miles' boy! [*Both run about.*

Doc. To play such a trick on a lady! the scoundrel! the monster! [*Strikes stage.*

Mrs. F. He ought to be sent to prison!

Doc. I'll send him to the devil.

Re-enter JANE, *with bottle,* R. I E.

Let me have it! [*Takes bottle, smells and tastes.*] Jalap and salts! [*Smells and tastes again.*] No, no, it ain't! it's only your favorite drink—gin and molasses. O, the villain! I'll have him, if he's above ground—bills shall be printed, and sent all over the country, so that everybody shall know that serpent —Miles' boy!

Enter JOB, *fighting himself*, L. I E.

Mrs. F. How dare you go from the house, and let that Miles' boy in?

Job. What—Miles' boy been here? I wish I could only get hold of him, that's all. Sent me to the village bank—said my grandfather was dead, and left me two hundred pounds; so I made up my mind to marry my dear Mary Jane. When I got there they laughed at me, and said I was to go and make a fool of somebody else, and say it was Miles' boy.

Doc. The rascal has been here and played a pretty trick on me and Mrs. Fidget.

Mrs. F. He has, indeed! on that account I forgive you this time; but if ever you let any one in the house again without my knowledge, I'll send you about your business. Come, my dear doctor, a glass of wine will revive your spirits.

Doc. True, my dear Mrs. Fidget! my nerves are sadly out of order, and I have something of the greatest importance to communicate—[*Sternly.*] Job, remember Miles' boy.

[*Exit with* MRS. FIDGET, R. I E.

Job. [*Sparring.*] Remember Miles' boy! Can I forget him?

Jane. Don't look so angry, Job—you are not the only one who has had a trick played on them by Miles' boy. Let me go to the garden gate with you.

Job. No, I won't!

Jane. Do—there's a good Job!

Job. I won't! so take *no* for an answer.

Jane. You're a cross, ill-natured, good-for-nothing fellow! I hate you, that I do! and I wish that Miles' boy had sent you twice as far. [*Exit*, R. I E.

Job. No doubt of it; then you could go running about wherever you like. [*Starting.*] Blow me, if I don't think that the fellow I let in, that said he came from Dr. Coates', was Miles' boy. I'll go and watch for him, and if I catch him, I'll make Miles' boy wish himself miles off. [*Exit* JOB, L. I E.

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I.*

Enter PADDY, *from gate in* C.

Pad. By getting behind the water spout, the divil of a sowl seen me, that wasn't there; it's lucky for me that I've changed

my name, for I'm getting into the divil's own job here, as I have at all the other places. That was the ould top, I seen into the house; somebody sent him to the divil, and back again, and told him it was Paddy Miles' boy; that poor divil of a gardener won't be at all pleased wid the two hundred pounds that he'll get, over the left. Upon my sowl, this is a strange family—here is the ould top in love with the ould woman, and the young top in love wid the ould woman's daughter—there'll be the divil to pay, and no pitch hot; and it strikes me forcibly that Mr. Harry wants to bolt the moon wid Miss Jane, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if he'd lave a letter behind, and say it was Paddy Miles' boy.

Enter HARRY, *from shop*, R. S. E.

Har. Well, Paddy, my good fellow, I have another job for you; a distant relation of mine has died, and left me five thousand pounds, and my father one shilling—they quarrelled some time ago, which caused the turn in my favor; now you manage to get Jane out of the house, and twenty pounds shall be your reward.

Pad. I'll do it, my darlint; did you say twinty pounds? Shure, I'll do it for twice as much—only give me a shillelagh, I'll down wid the houses.

Har. No, no, Paddy, force won't do; I am going to try a stratagem; I have a female's dress—I'll go and fetch it.

[*Exit into shop*, R. S. E.

Pad. Am I aslape or awake? He's going to make a woman of me, Paddy Miles' boy—I'm shure to get out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Re-enter HARRY, *with dress*, R. S. E.

Har. Now here is the dress, Paddy!

Pad. O, botheration, man! I can't be a woman, shure; my father niver intended me for one.

Har. But, my dear fellow, consider the twenty pounds.

Pad. O, be aisy. Shure, you know that money stops a bigger man's mouth than Paddy Miles' boy. [*Puts on dress.*] I'm off before you can clap salt on my tail—whoo!—my name is Judy O'Flaherty.

Har. [*Gives letter.*] Stop, and I'll give you an idea how to walk like a young lady. [PADDY *walks after him very awk-*

wardly. Business with walking until HARRY *goes off,* R. S. E. PADDY *exits through gate in* C.

SCENE IV.—MRS. FIDGET'S *parlor,* I G.

Enter DR. COATES *and* MRS. FIDGET, R. I E.

Doc. Enough, my dear Mrs. Fidget ; to-morrow's sun will make you Mrs. Dr. Coates. I'll order a band of music, in fact, make every arrangement before I sleep to-night. My son, Harry, I'll send to London, to prevent any trouble with him.

Mrs. F. And I'll send Jane to her aunt's, so that we shan't be bothered with her.

Doc. To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life—and we will have a rum day of it. I'll dance and sing—

Enter JANE, L. I E.

Jane. O, my ! there's Job and a woman fighting in the garden—she says she comes here for a situation, and will come in.

Mrs. F. I want no servants. Who sent her, I should like to know ?

Jane. Miles' boy.

Doc. Curse Miles' boy ; that villain will be the death of me. [*Noise* L. *Looks off. Crash,* L.] O, dear, they are fighting on the stairs ; should they fall, it will break both their necks.

Pad. [*Without.*] Bad luck to you ; let go your hould.

Job. [*Without.*] Murder, murder !

[*Crash,* L. *Noise of falling down stairs.*

Doc. By the Lord Harry, she has knocked Job down stairs !

Enter PADDY, L. I E., *disguised with woman's dress.*

Pad. Long life to you ! may you niver die ragged. You're the ould woman I'm going to make my mistress.

Mrs. F. My good woman, there's no servants wanted here.

Pad. Now don't be telling any lies. I know you do. Paddy Miles' boy tould me so—faith, he's a countryman of mine, and wouldn't be afther playing any tricks upon a poor ould woman like me.

[*Gives letter to* JANE *unnoticed. Exit* JANE, L. I E.

Doc. [*Aside.*] Very lady-like, upon my word. That Miles' boy plays tricks upon everybody—myself—and this lady; indeed, I may say the whole country round is suffering through his mischief.

Mrs. F. Indeed, doctor, you might say the whole world. We are very sorry for you, but we want no servant.

Pad. I won't belave it, you ould catermollin; nor I won't belave you, ould cadger, nather—and I'll break yer nose, if you tell me so again.

Doc. [*Aside.*] Confound that Miles' boy, for sending such a woman here.

Enter JOB, L. 1 E. PADDY *strikes him as he enters—his nose bleeds.*

Job. O, my nose! [*Bleeding, runs over to* R.

Pad. Divil fly away wid the roof of your nose. You didn't behave like a man should to a woman.

Doc. My good woman, don't talk so. Miles' boy playing a trick on you is no fault of ours. Here's a shilling; now leave the house. [*Gives money.*

Pad. Jolly good luck to you ould tin pot. You're a trump. Stop till I get hould of the vagabone—I'll pitch into him like a hot dinner. I'll just show you how I'll put it into him, right and left. [*Sparring at* DOCTOR.

Doc. No, thank you. I'd rather be excused.

Job. That's all she thinks about. O, my nose!

Pad. I'll give you a toper for luck, my darlint.

Mrs. F. Good gracious! I am quite shocked. Put it into Dr. Coates, right and left, and give Job a toper for luck. You are a disgrace to your sex—leave the house, or Job shall put you out.

Job. No, not me—get somebody else.

Pad. It's to me you are spaking? Job put me out! I'd beat a dozen like him; and as for you, my ould tabby, if you was not a woman, I'd give you just such a hist as Molly did the cat.

Doc. Come, come; this is too bad. I'll put up with it no longer. I'll send for a constable, and have you put in the lock-up—see what a magistrate would say to such conduct.

Pad. I'll save you the trouble; but I'll have a slap at Mister Job before I'll go.

Job. No you don't.

Pad. Stop till I put this money in my pocket. [*Lifts up his dress, and is discovered, by putting money in his pocket.*

Omnes. It's a man! It's a man!

Pad. Och, murder! What will I do? I'll give them leg bail! [*Runs off,* L. I E.

Job. I'll swear that is Miles' boy!

Doc. No doubt of it. Come, Mrs. Fidget, we will raise the neighbors, and have the scamp put in the stocks—follow us, Job. [*Exit* DOCTOR *and* MRS. FIDGET, L. I E.

Job. It's all very well to say follow us, Job. I think I've had enough of Miles' boy's physic, which my nose can testify. I shan't be in a hurry to get another dig from him.

[*Noise of dogs barking, without. Exit,* L. I E.

SCENE V.—*Same as Scene I. Noise of dogs continued.*

Enter PADDY, *from gate in* C.

Pad. [*Undressing himself quickly.*] I forgot that I was a woman, however, they are coming, and I must face it out.

Enter DR. COATES, MRS. FIDGET *and* JOB *from gate in* C.

Doc. Young man, have you seen a woman running this way?

Mrs. F. A man dressed in woman's clothes!

Pad. Faith, I did. It was that dirty blackguard, Miles' boy.

Job. Don't mind what he says; he is Miles' boy himself. I know him by his turn-up nose.

Pad. Know me by my turn-up nose! I'll give it to you, my darlint. [*Runs at him.*

Enter REUBEN, R. I E.

Reu. Ah, Mr. Paddy, you've been going it again!

Doc. You know him then?

Reu. I thought everybody knew Miles' boy!

Doc. Miles' boy! D—n me, if I haven't got you now.

Pad. Och, murder! it's all a mistake.

Doc. I'll mistake you. [*Calling.*] Harry, Harry! I say.

Reu. Your son Harry, doctor, has just been married to a Miss Fidget, at yonder church.

Doc. My son married? It's false.

Pad. By me sowl, it's true enough, for here they come.

Enter HARRY *and* JANE, R. 1 E.

Har. and Jane. [*Kneeling.*] We crave your blessing.

Doc. The devil! This is worse than being played a trick upon by Miles' boy.

Pad. You may well say that. Mr. Harry has got a wife and five thousand pounds. You have a shilling and no wife. Paddy Miles don't care a dump for you.

Doc. Here's a pretty go. But what's done can't be undone.

Mrs. F. True, doctor; and as Mr. Harry has five thousand pounds, I think we had better forgive them.

Doc. I think so too. There, bless you both, and may you be happy; and as for you, Mr. Paddy—

Har. Pray forgive him, father. You know the old one is not so black as he is painted.

Jane. And he's a clever postman.

Doc. Well, the odds are against me. I suppose I must forgive—but no more right and left.

Pad. Niver fear, sir. Only pardon me this time, and I'll niver do so again.

Har. Paddy shall remain in our service, and we will be as happy as the days are long.

Pad. By my sowl, you've had it all your own way. [*To audience.*] But I'm shure there's one thing wanted to make us happy; and with your kind permission, I'll solicit our friends here to bestow their blessings upon Paddy Miles, the Limerick boy.

SITUATIONS.

JANE. HARRY. PADDY. MRS. FIDGET. DR. COATES.
REUBEN. JOB.
R. CURTAIN. L.

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